

*Troilus and Cressida.*

In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt,  
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil  
To ouer-bulke vs all.  
*Nest.* Wel, and how?  
*Ulys.* This challenge that the gallant *Hektor* sends,  
How euer it is spred in general name,  
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.  
*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,  
Whole grosseness little characters summe vp,  
And in the publication make no straine,  
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren  
As banks of *Lybia*, though (*Apollo* knowes)  
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,  
I, with celerity, finde *Hektors* purpose  
Painting on him.  
*Ulys.* And wake him to the answer, thinke you?  
*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose  
That can from *Hektor* bring his Honor off,  
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,  
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwells.  
For heere the *Troyans* taste our deer'st repute  
With their sin'ft Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd  
In this wilde action. For the successe  
(Although particular) shall giue a scantling  
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:  
And in such Indexes, although small prickes  
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene  
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He that meets *Hektor*, issues from our choise;  
And choise being mutuall acte of all our ioules,  
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle  
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd  
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,  
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part  
To Steele a strong opinion to themselves,  
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,  
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes  
Directiue by the Limbes.  
*Vlyss.* Giue pardon to my speech:  
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hektor*:  
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,  
And thinke perchance they'll sell: If not,  
The laster of the better yet to shew,  
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,  
That euer *Hektor* and *Achilles* meete:  
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.  
*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?  
*Vlyss.* What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hektor*,  
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:  
But he already is too insolent,  
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,  
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes  
Should he scape *Hektor* faire. If he were foyld,  
Why then we did our maine opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lottery,  
And by deuice let blockish *Aiax* draw  
The sort to fight with *Hektor*: Among our sciues,  
Giue him allowance as the worchier man,  
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon  
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall  
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.  
If the dull brainlesse *Aiax* come safe off,  
Wee'll dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,  
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,  
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,  
*Aiax* imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.  
*Nest.* Now *Vlysses*, I begin to relish thy aduice,  
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith  
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:  
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone  
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*  
*Enter Aiax, and Thersites.*  
*Aia.* *Thersites*?  
*Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer  
generally.  
*Aia.* *Thersites*?  
*Ther.* And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the  
General run, were not that a botchy core?  
*Aia.* Dogge.  
*Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him:  
I see none now.  
*Aia.* Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare?  
*Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel  
beefe-witted Lord.  
*Aia.* Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will  
beate thee into handiomesse.  
*Ther.* I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:  
but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then  
learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst  
thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.  
*Aia.* Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.  
*Ther.* Doe'st thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st  
*Aia.* The Proclamation. (methus?)  
*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.  
*Aia.* Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.  
*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and  
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-  
som'st scab in Greece.  
*Aia.* I say the Proclamation.  
*Ther.* Thou grumblest & rail'st every houre on *Achilles*,  
and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus*  
is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.  
*Aia.* Mistress *Thersites*.  
*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.  
*Aia.* Coblose.  
*Ther.* He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as  
a Sailor breakes a bisket.  
*Aia.* You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.  
*Aia.* Thou stoole for a Witch.  
*Ther.* I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast  
no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An *Afinico*  
may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Ass, thou art heere  
but to thresh *Troyans*, and thou art bought and solde a-  
mong those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou wile  
to beate me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art  
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.  
*Aia.* You dogge.  
*Ther.* You scurvy Lord.  
*Aia.* You Curre.  
*Ther.* Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.  
*Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.*  
*Achil.* Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this?  
How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man?  
*Ther.* You see him there, do you?  
*Achil.* I, what's the matter.  
*Ther.* Nay looke vpon him.  
*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Ther.* Nay but regard him well.  
*Achil.* Well, why I do so.  
*Ther.* But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who  
some euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*.  
*Achil.* I know that foole.  
*Ther.* I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.  
*Aiax.* Therefore I beate thee.  
*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *medicums* of wit he vtters: his  
cousions haue eares thus long. I haue bob'd his Braine  
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-  
rowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth  
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears  
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, He tell you  
what I say of him.  
*Achil.* What?  
*Ther.* I say this *Aiax* —  
*Achil.* Nay good *Aiax*.  
*Ther.* Has not so much wit.  
*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.  
*Ther.* As will stop the eye of *Hektors* Needle, for whom  
becomes to fight.  
*Achil.* Peace foole.  
*Ther.* I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole  
will not: he there, that he, looke you there.  
*Aiax.* O thou damnd Curre, I shal —  
*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a Fooles.  
*Ther.* No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.  
*Pat.* Good words *Thersites*.  
*Achil.* What's the quarrell?  
*Aiax.* I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure  
of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.  
*Ther.* I serue thee not.  
*Aiax.* Well, go too, go too.  
*Ther.* I serue heere voluntary.  
*Achil.* *Thersites*, a great deale of your wit too lies in your  
voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.  
*Ther.* E'ne to, a great deale of your wit too lies in your  
sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hektor* shall haue a great  
catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as  
good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.  
*Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*?  
*Ther.* There's *Vlysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was  
mouldy ere their Grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke  
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.  
*Achil.* What? what?  
*Ther.* Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to —  
*Aiax.* I shall cut out your tongue.  
*Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shal speake as much as thou  
afterwards.  
*Pat.* No more words *Thersites*.  
*Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids  
me, shall I?  
*Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*.  
*Ther.* I wil see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come  
any more to your Tents; I wil keepe where there is wit  
stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*  
*Pat.* A good riddance.  
*Achil.* Marry this Sir is proclaim'd throughal our host,  
That *Hektor* by the fist houre of the Sunne,  
Will with a Trumpet, twixt our Tents and *Troy*  
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,  
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare  
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.  
*Aiax.* Farewell: who shall answer him?  
*Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to Lottery: otherwise

*Hektor* knew his man.  
*Aiax.* O meaning you,  
*Enter Priam, Hektor, & Troilus.*  
*Pri.* After so many ho-  
Thus once againe sayes *Nestor*  
*Deliuers Helen*, and all dam-  
(As honour, losse of time,  
Wounds, friends, and wha-  
in hot digestion of this co-  
Shall be stroke off. *Hektor*  
*Hekt.* Though no man  
As farre as touches my pa-  
There is no Lady of more  
More spungie, to sucke in  
More ready to cry out, w-  
Then *Hektor* is: the wound  
Surety iecure: but model  
The Beacon of the wife: s-  
To'th bottom of the wor-  
Since the first sword was  
Euery cythe soule 'mongst  
Hath bin as deere as *Helen*  
If we haue lost so many te-  
To guard a thing not ours  
(Had it our name) the val-  
What merit's in that reaso-  
*Troy.* Fie, fie, my Brother  
Weigh you the worth an-  
(So great as our dread Fa-  
Of common Ounces? W-  
The past proportion of hi-  
And buckle in a waste mo-  
With spannes and inches  
As feares and reasons? *Fie*  
*Hel.* No marvel thou  
You are so empty of ther-  
Beare the great sway of h-  
Because your speech hath  
*Troy.* You are for dre-  
You turre your gloues w-  
You know an enemy inte-  
You know, a sword impl-  
And reason flies the obie-  
Who maruels then when  
A Grecian and his sword  
The very wings of reason  
Or like a Starre disorb'd.  
And flye like chidden Me-  
Let's shut our gates and  
Should haue hard hearts,  
With this cram'd reaso-  
Makes Liuers pale, and I  
*Hekt.* Brother, she is  
What she doth cost the h-  
*Troy.* What's aught,  
*Hel.* But value dwel-  
It holds his estimate and  
As well, wherein 'tis pre-  
As in the prizer: 'Tis ma-  
To make the seruice grea-  
And the will doates that is  
To wharfectionously se-  
Without some image of  
*Troy.* I sake to day a V-  
Is led on in the conduct